THE

Sailor's Wife's Policy,

OR THE

Knowing Barber taken in.

ALL you that love mirth, if you'll liften awhile,
My comical ditty will make you to ſmile,
Tis concerning a barber, the truth you ſhall hear,
He wanted to dreſs a young ſailor's wife's hair.

This amorous barber, as many do ſay,
Whenever the ſailor was out of the way,
Would take oppotunity loving and kind,
To get the young ſailor's wife in the mind.

But ſhe being artful, ſhe knew what he meant,
For to tell her huſband it was her intent,
The ſailor when hearing, he hearty reply'd,
My girl, that's the barber, I'm well ſatisfy'd.

Tell him in the morning I'm going away,
On board of my veſſel a week for to ſtay,
And if he's agreable you'll be the ſame,
Thus we'll hum the barber, or elſe we're to blame.

As money he's worth, we'll have ſome if we can,
Or ſurely we'll ſhave him, as I am a man,
So a bargain make with him, my girl never fear,
No harm ſhall come to you as I am near.

There's a public houſe you know over the way,
Where I'll watch your motions, obſerve what I ſay,
When the fit does come on him ſhut the wiudow
down,
Then quickly I'll make the door to reſound.

Next morning the barber began as before,
Complimenting the ſailor's wife at the door,
My huſband, ſhe ſaid, is gone on board for a week,
Why, thought the barber, my mind I will ſpeak.

With that to the ſailor's wife he did ſay,
My jewel, if one night with you I may ſtay,
A guinea I'll give you, my dear, in your hand,
And I'll ever after to you be a friend.

The guinea ſhe took, and did ſeem to comply,
But little thought that her huſband was nigh,
Then ſhe and the barber up ſtairs did go,
Where his amorous ſticks he began for to ſhew.

But ſhe to her huſband the ſignal did give,
She went to the window and down it did ſhove,
The ſailor then came and knock'd at the door,
Said ſhe, that's my huſband again come on ſhore.

Good luck! ſaid the barber, where ſhall I hide?
Said ſhe, in the cloſet, whate'er does betide,
Then down ſtairs ſhe went, and her huſband let in,
But think how her lover ſtood trembling.

The ſailor ſtraightway to the cloſet he went,
And there ſtood pilgarlick in ſad diſcontent,
He cry'd out, good neighbour you pardon I crave,
Says the ſailor, my boy you ſhelaly ſhall have.

The barber he ſaid now with all my whole heart,
Five pounds I will give, ſet all malice apart,
Said the ſailor, no, own my bright guinea's I'll have,
Becauſe with my wife you've been playing the knave.

Twenty guineas the ſailor he made him pay down,
For attempting to treſpaſs on another man's ground,
When the money was paid, then the barber he ſwore
He ne'er would be taken in ſo any more.